The old ladies’ delicate knitting was as fragile as the mother hen’s adorable chicks’ feathers.

Matthew and Phebe

The old ladies gossiped as noisily as a mother hen as they sat painstakingly making frilly lace.

Tina and Tessa

In their rustic medieval wooden house, the decrepit old ladies knitted as sluggishly as chicks learning to fly.

Luke and Paluki

The old ladies knitted as carefully as a mother hen taking care of her young chicks in the wild.

Mark and Brendon

The old ladies were as silent as the mother hen’s quiet chicks as they lay sleeping in the fresh hay.

Daisy and Christopher

The old ladies were chattering as noisily as an angry mother hen protecting its frightened chicks from a hungry fox.

Anabel and Jacky

The old ladies’ soft voices were as delicate as helpless chicks struggling to make their way to their mother hen.

Estella and Reece

The skilled and smart lady taught the inexperienced ladies how to neatly knit like a mother hen showing her baby chicks how to survive.

The old ladies embroidered

The old ladies knitted carefully like a mother hen cleaning her chickens.

The old wrinkled woman knitted peacefully like a relaxed mother hen with her precious chicks.

The old women were as busy as the hen finding food for her babies.

The old shriveled ladies knitted slowly with white yarn like the colour of old mother hen’s chicks.

The old ladies knitted busily like a mother hen chasing her cheeky chirpy chicks around the garden.

The old ladies treated their knitting like a mother hen protecting her chicks.

Eli and Shari

When the ladies finished their knitting, they carefully looked after their embroidered scarves like a mother hen looking after her chicks.

Bryan and Serena

The baby chicks sat around their mother like old ladies at a tea party.

Felix and Vimica

The old woman gave everybody a magnificent piece of embroidery like old mother hen giving a treat of worms to her precious ones.

Preeta and Elle

The old ladies huddled around the table like chicks gathering around their mother hen on a cold winter’s day.

Isla and Katie

The shrivelled ladies frizzy hair was as delicate as the mother hen’s white fluffy chicks.

Robert and Mika

The mother hen and her miniature chicks were sitting in a cluster like old ladies in a group playing cards as others knitted.

Peter, Eti and Kiet